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THE KNIFE-GRINDER'S SON.

[FROM THE GERMAN.]

CHAPTER III.

It was late in the autumn, and the north-east wind blew cold and sharp over the stubble, and
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whirled the yellow leaves in the air. Over our heads the cranes and wild geese arranged themselves in a wedge shape, and darted off in straight lines to a warmer clime. The winter seed lay warmly hid in the bosom of the earth; the rooks hopped

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about seeking their food, or flew about, croaking in large flocks; the fields were quite deserted, except that here and there some boys, set to watch the cows and bullocks, were roasting their potatoes at the blazing fires they had made.

We travelled on along the muddy road, my longing eyes often lingering among these boys, beholding pleasures I might not share, for neither rest nor joy was my lot. My clothing was so ill-assorted and ragged that the wind blew at its pleasure through the rents. I waded bare-headed and bare-footed through the deep cold mud of the road with my faithful Hownow beside me. We two drew the barrow of my father's wheel, and he, holding the handles, pushed behind. He was exceedingly drunk, and swung from right to left, so that while we were obliged to pull so hard that we were nearly out of breath, he scarcely pushed the heavy barrow at all. He had had a dispute with two wagoners in the last village, who had made him feel the weight of their fists, and, now angry and extremely excited, he scolded and abused both Hownow and me.

After great exertions we had at last nearly reached the gate of the town we were going to. I had never in my life so earnestly longed for the end of a day's journey, for I was ready to sink from fatigue. A great number of persons were arriving at the gate, for the evening bell had just rung, and the sun, which had just set behind the mountains, shone only in red and purple tints upon the sky. Suddenly I trod with my bare foot upon something sharp and pointed. Agonizing pain compelled me to stop. I raised my foot, which was profusely bleeding. Hownow pulled too much to the left, and my father at the same time gave a strong push, and I was consequently knocked down, and lay at full length in the mire. My father lost the balance he had had so much difficulty in keeping; and man, barrow, and all rolled on one side into the soft dirty mud of the street. I guessed what had happened before I could rise, from my father's horrid execrations and the immoderate laughter of the passing workmen. The instinct of self-preservation impelled me to unloose the traces which attached me to the barrow, and to get up and out of the way. I wiped off the mud as well as I could while my father struggled to rise. This he found no easy matter, since the barrow was partly upon him, and drunkenness rendered him powerless. The laughter of the men and boys exasperated him beyond all bounds. When he succeeded at length in getting up, he left the wheel and everything else, and fell upon the people with his great thorn stick as if he was possessed. Every blow of the iron-headed stick told. I heard several people scream loud, and saw one man reel and fall. I crept on hands and knees out of my father's way, expecting his whole rage would soon be turned upon me; but still it was with grief and horror I saw several men attack my father and wrench the stick out of his hand. A police soldier came up, and with the help of the people about bound his arms and took him off. The grinding wheel was lifted up and brought after him. I did not know where my father was taken; and this uncertainty, added to the excessive pain of my foot, which was still bleeding, made me cry most bitterly.

All these events passed as quick as lightning. The people dispersed, and no one was to be seen near. When I attempted to set my foot on the ground, I sank down with a loud scream of pain. A piece of broken glass was sticking in it. I wiped it as clean as I could with a piece of rag which had been given me as a neckcloth, bound it up, and hopped to a garden wall for shelter from the cutting wind, and cowered down beside a direction post. The pain increased, and the blood soaked through the cloth, and the wet and cold brought on a fit of ague. The evening was fast closing in, and I was devoured by hunger, yet none of the passers-by deigned to cast even a single glance upon me. Oh! there were rich, well-dressed persons among them, but not one of them took the slightest notice of me.

What was to become of me? Shaking with cold and crying with pain, I lay without help or consolation. At last I took courage, and asked aid of a gentleman who was passing. He looked at me, and went on without saying a word.

In this destitution Hownow ran up to me. The faithful animal had followed his master to prison, and I not being within sight, Hownow returned to the place of the accident and snuffed about till he found me. Nothing could equal the joy with which he sprang upon me. He laid himself down on my wounded foot to warm it. In a moment my pain was forgotten in joy that my faithful Hownow was again with me. I felt no longer an outcast; but still, where should I find shelter? It was beginning to rain, and the rain was icy cold. Should I try to limp into the town? Who would take me in at that time of night? While I was giving way to these disconsolate thoughts, I distinctly heard some one coming. Hownow growled. The heavy step, the asthmatic cough, told me that it was an aged person, and I had guessed rightly. It was a little old woman, carrying a bundle of wood she had picked up. Oh, I thought, she is as poor as myself; she can do nothing for me. The feeling of destitution pierced my heart, and tears streamed from my eyes.

"What are you crying for, my poor child?" she asked, in a tone so compassionate and kind, that it warmed my inmost soul. I had never heard such a tone, and thought this must be the way in which a mother speaks to her child. It seemed so strange, that I almost doubted whether it could be meant for poor unhappy me. I told her my misfortune and my present condition.

"You are indeed in a sad plight, my poor child," said she. "You must not stop here; but can you walk?"

"Hardly," I replied.

"Just try; step upon the tips of your toes." I did so, and got on better than I thought I could have done. "Well," said she, "you see you can get along, but where shall we find your father? If the chief constable has taken care of him, he will be put in the tower. You cannot go to him there. I shall be obliged to take you for to-night to my own little room." She thought a little, and then said, "Well, come; you shall sleep with me. You must be hungry too?"

"Yes, I have been very hungry ever since the morning."

"Aye, aye," said she, "I have been young my-

self. I know what that is. Old folks can bear hunger better than young ones, whose stomachs are never full." She then felt in her pocket, and bringing out a dry bit of bread, said joyfully, "There, I have got a crust; eat it." I seized it, and, although it was as hard as a stone, I attacked it bravely with my good teeth. I scarcely remember ever having enjoyed anything more. The old woman was much pleased to hear me crunching it. "Ah!" said she, with a sigh, "what a good thing to have such teeth. But come, child, it is night, and it is beginning to rain again, or it looks so light that it must be snow." She now perceived Hownow, to whom I had secretly given a piece of the bread, and exclaimed, "What dog is that?" I saw that she was vexed. "He is mine," I said, almost weeping. "Pray have pity upon the poor creature. He can't find my father, and will be obliged to be in the street all night. He is such a good dog to me; he won't give you any trouble, or make any litter."

The clever animal fawned upon me as if he understood that I was taking his part. Indeed, if the good woman would not have taken him in, I would rather have remained all night out of doors than been under shelter without him. She perceived this, and said: "Just like me. I was always very fond of dogs. They are certainly very sensible creatures." I felt as if a heavy load had been taken from my heart, and this made my progress much easier as we went on our way. It was very long. Many were the streets and alleys through which my kind guide led me. At last she stopped in front of a small house. "Here we are at last. But what will the landlord, the cross grocer, say? I do not know whether he will let you and your dog come into the house." She said this with so much anxiety, that I at once concluded that my hopes were to be disappointed just as they were so near being accomplished; but this time my alarm was without a cause. The grocer was gone to the ale-house to take his evening glass, and his housekeeper was in the cellar; so no one saw us as we climbed up the narrow, dark staircase. But only a sort of miracle averted the very worst consequences from an event which I could not have foreseen.

Notwithstanding his many very excellent qualities, Hownow had one great fault. He was by nature a great hater of cats. Now, unfortunately for Hownow, Anna Martha, the spinster-housekeeper, had an extreme fondness for cats. One of these favourites lay upon a heap of old rags not far from the staircase, and was purring, being very comfortably asleep. Hownow had always been distinguished for his fine scent, and he had scarcely trod on the staircase than he snuffed aloud. He did not longer remain in doubt about the place where his hereditary foe lay in sweet slumber. Quick as thought he flew thither, and his yell rang horribly in my ears. Call, command—all was in vain; the old hatred blazed forth. It was a most fortunate thing that the cat, by a bold spring, placed herself in safety, and hissed and glared with her fiery eyes down upon us from the rafters. Hownow would fain have followed her, but in his blind rage he lost all his cleverness, and sniffed backwards and forwards. This gave me time, by stopping his mouth and seizing tight

hold of his throat, to bring him to his senses. It was a most happy circumstance that Anna Martha was down in the cellar, and was, besides, very hard of hearing, otherwise no power on earth could have saved my Hownow from being turned out of doors. "You see, you see," said the old woman in a low voice, "he does us no good. Anna Martha is wonderfully fond of cats, and if she had heard this, it would have been the worse for us. What may not happen to-morrow?"

I appeased her with promises of watchfulness. The first danger passed, we entered the little room without further disaster. I was so exhausted by my exertions on the road, by the wet and cold, and by the sorrow and anxiety I had undergone, that I immediately looked about for a place to sit down upon. I found a chest standing against the wall, and forthwith took possession of it. Indeed if I had not found a resting-place, I think I should have sunk. "Wait a minute," said the old woman, "I will soon strike a light." After some search she found her tinder-box, and flint and steel, and lit her little lamp. She now brought the light to look at me, but started back, exclaiming, "Poor child! how ill you look!" I might well look ill, for the mud of the road, and the blood which covered my hands and was smeared on my face, together with the ague, fully justified the old woman's exclamation. She gave me water to wash, and helping me to undress, she laid me in a comfortable bed. She then made a fire, and warmed some water for cleansing my foot, and especially the wound, which was clogged with mud. It was not long before a hot glow succeeded the chill; after this had subsided, and I had eaten a piece of bread and drunk a cupful of elder tea she kindly made for me, I fell so fast asleep, that before she perceived it I had forgotten the whole world. It was not to be wondered at that all the events of this sorrowful day should pass before me again in my dreams. Hownow's attack upon the unlucky cat was the last subject that was presented to my mind in my sleep. With this I awoke, and it was broad daylight. I rubbed my eyes, looked around me, and was puzzled where I could be. Gradually all became clear, and I looked for the old woman and Hownow. She was not there, but Hownow was lying by the stove. He ran joyfully up to me, but when I began to move, I felt a burning pain in my foot. How frightened was I to find it as red as scarlet, and swollen up to the knee; it was in vain to think either of walking or standing.

As I lay there and stroked the head of the dog, my father came into my mind. The old woman had said that he must have been taken to the tower. I affixed no other meaning to the word than that of a place where bells are hung. I thought it very possible that my father might not have slept as comfortably as I had done in the old woman's nice soft bed, which I thought as good as a king's; but he must have had shelter and straw to lie upon, and he was not used to more. But what would he do without Hownow and me to draw the barrow? This distressed me, and I began to cry. Trouble does not last long with a boy of my age. I began to feel hungry, and curiosity to survey the little room soon distracted my attention. I contrived, although not without pain, to get out of bed, and creep up to

the stove, where I found a little mug covered by a great piece of bread; I eagerly seized them. It was coffee that was in the mug, a delicacy that I had tasted once before, and I enjoyed it exceedingly. Hownow got his share of the bread, and then I got into bed as quietly as possible, and he lay down close by. I allowed my eyes to wander up and down the little room. How beautifully neat and clean everything was. Though there was but little furniture, all was in order, and there was no dust upon anything. In the little window, the round panes of which were partly coloured and darkened from age, stood a little deal table scoured as white as snow. Next to that stood a red and brown painted chest, and in the corner a spinning-wheel. Over the window, and along the whole length of the wall, was a shelf, on which were placed some bright kitchen utensils, some pewter plates and dishes, and a few earthenware cups. Farther on were some thick books. Beneath was hung a looking-glass as big as one's hand. But in every arrangement there was discernible a degree of order which I had never before seen in any house into which I had gone for the purpose of getting knives and scissors to grind. I felt so comfortable that I thought I should always like to stay there, if the pain in my foot and anxiety about my father would let me be happy.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WEDDING AMONG THE "FRIENDS."

AMONG the letters which were waiting me on my breakfast table one summer morning, was one particularly distinguished by its great singularity of address. Directed for Jane —, I soon ascribed it to the writer, and was not mistaken. Plain, but most cordial, it conveyed an invitation to attend the marriage of a young cousin, with whose parents my own had once been on terms of intimacy. Years had passed since any personal intercourse had taken place, and my own knowledge of Mr. and Mrs. Leslie (as I shall for the present term them) was limited to hearing their praise, qualified, however, by the remark, "But then they are Quakers." Well, thought I, that is no reason why I should decline making their acquaintance. I shall be glad to know something of the singular people to whom they belong; and then this letter is so kind—I will go. A speedy acceptance was soon on its way; and, after a little further communication, I took my place in the train which was to convey me to the — station, within three miles of Oakhame Hall, the residence of my cousins.

At the station I found the carriage, and with it Mr. George Leslie, the only one of the family with whom I could claim the acquaintance of one evening's meeting. The preliminaries of luggage were soon settled, and we were driving through a pretty rural country, whilst my companion at once entered into conversation with a frankness which removed all reserve on my part. The objects of interest on our road, and a slight sketch of the family, occupied our attention till we stopped at a pretty lodge. "This is Oakhame," exclaimed Mr. George; and we drove up an avenue of magnificent oak trees, from which the hall derived its

name, *hame* being an old Saxon word for dwelling; and truly the sturdy old trees looked as if they had made it their "hame" long before man thought of fixing his abode among them.

On the steps of the entrance we found all my young cousins, who had seen the carriage from a distance, and come out to give a welcome to the stranger. I will not attempt the introductions—one, two, three, four, seven in all; but Mr. George, with a look at once arch and grave, drew forward a gentle young creature, with the introduction, "Cousin Jane, the bride elect." All smiled, and the colour of the gentle Annie deepened and spread over her fair face as she greeted her unknown cousin.

"And now, cousin Jane," said my conductor, giving me his arm, "I must introduce thee to father and mother."

Followed by my young hosts we passed through the fine old hall, which, with its carpet, large fireplace, and cases of stuffed birds, had less the air of a hall than an apartment—up a flight of broad, low stairs, and into a large room, in which we found my venerable hosts. I say venerable, but it was more the old-fashioned dress than age which impressed me with this idea.

Mrs. Leslie was the very *beau ideal* of a Quakeress, of middle size, and dressed in some dark material, with a white shawl, and the close-fitting muslin cap over her silvery hair, which, in short locks, crept from beneath it, and shaded her broad, placid brow. Her manner was kind and motherly, and I felt sure I should soon love her, when with a warm kiss she expressed her pleasure at seeing me, and in gentle tones spoke of my own mother. Mr. Leslie was equally cordial, but a degree of sternness, which was mixed with his plainness, made me feel far less at my ease in his presence than in that of his wife. The dark olive-coloured Quaker coat and waistcoat were set off by a large cravat of snowy whiteness; the rest of the dress was drab, with the old-fashioned gaiters, and Mr. Leslie looked as if he had just stepped out of a picture of some of the worthies of the seventeenth century.

A long journey had prepared me to do justice to the substantial tea which awaited us, and a night's rest on a bed certainly made of down, and with linen like fine lawn, enabled me to join the family group at the breakfast table with cheerful spirits and a lively interest in observing the habits of a Quaker family. Interesting conversation occupied the meal, and at its conclusion the family placed themselves at a little distance from the table, at the upper end of the room. Mrs. Leslie asked me to sit by her, saying, "We always have our family reading after breakfast, cousin Jane." Mr. Joseph, the eldest son, took the great Bible, the bell was rung, and a long train of servants, headed by the housekeeper, a neat little Quakeress, entered and seated themselves on the chairs and couches at the lower end of the room; Mrs. White and the attendants of my young cousins, also Quakers, drawing near the family, till the room seemed occupied by one large circle. The reading a chapter of St. John was followed by a perfect silence; and then at a sign from the master the servants left the room. There was no prayer, no singing, and yet, though strange, it was impressive.

The family now dispersed to their different occupations; the sons went to the city to business, the daughters to their duties, and I gladly accepted an invitation from Mrs. Leslie to look over the house.

Oakhame Hall had been for many years in the occupation of the Leslie family, by one of whose ancestors it was built, as the ciphers J. L. on one of its high gables showed. It was an old red brick mansion, and had been originally built in the Elizabethan style, with large bay windows and stacks of ornamental chimneys; but various modern alterations had been made, not in the best taste, it must be confessed, though all comfortable; and now a room out here, and a wing there, spoiled the exterior of its beauty, though the garden front, covered as it was with clustering roses and beautiful climbing plants, still looked picturesque enough. The interior was the very picture of neatness. I have spoken of the large hall, with its cases of birds, most of them stuffed by Mr. Joseph, who was, I soon found, a noted ornithologist. The room in which I had first been received, and which went by the name of the ante-room, was the general rendezvous of the family, and was fitted up with low book-cases, and tables furnished with every material for employment. Through the ante-room was a drawing-room, displaying more state, though not less neatness. Its rich though plain silver grey damask furniture was all draped for the summer with white muslin. From the deep bay window we looked down into the wilderness, as a plantation in the garden was called. A river, which in its windings inclosed several small islands, lay beyond, crossed by a handsome stone bridge, and up the hill wound the public road; whilst the little village of Oakhame nestled, as it were, at the park gates, and its white church spire and thatched roofs peeped from the thick oaks which shaded the valley. We then visited the large dining-room; the well furnished library, where good Mr. Leslie was usually to be found, but which no one entered without a special summons; the study, where my young cousins received lessons from their masters; but, to my mind, no room was so pretty as the *boudoir*. This charming little room was the first in the long gallery which we entered from the broad flight of polished oak stairs. Its windows looked upon the flower garden, and were invaded by the sweet Dorsetshire roses, which climbed the wall: baskets of rare plants stood about, mixed with couches, lounging-chairs, reading-stands, and everything which could add to the comfort of an invalid, for such was my cousin Sarah. Here we found all the girls, whose usual studies had been laid aside by the necessity of preparing for the parting from their dear sister, and here we left them, in full consultation over some of those important trifles which every young lady in similar circumstances will confess to occupy much of her time and thoughts. The bed-rooms and dressing-rooms along the gallery were all furnished with the greatest neatness. Not a picture was to be found, not a needless ornament; all the draperies were fawn or the purest white, but of fine, and I should say costly texture. The furniture was of the same or of chintz, with small neat patterns; the carpets were generally brown, and the summer window curtains plain hemmed muslin. The ser-

vants' wing, the housekeeper's room, the well-filled store-rooms, all were displayed with evident pleasure by Mrs. Leslie, and examined with interest by myself. The morning was ended by a drive, still with the same agreeable companion.

At five o'clock we all assembled for dinner, and during the repast Mr. Leslie gave me the history of his building the spacious dining-room, that he might assemble large "quarterly-meeting parties;" and then came the explanation that these quarterly meetings were assemblies held by the Quakers four times a year for the business of their society, and that after their meetings were over Mr. Leslie asked every Quaker he met to come and dine with him, and packed every available carriage full of guests, whilst himself and his sons walked home. This produced from the young people many amusing tales of papa's parties. How a number of guests were sent home in the servants' carriage, and the driver, ignorant of their quality, landed them all at the servants' entrance, from whence they all went wandering about the offices, to their own great amusement and that of their young hosts. The merriment which followed these recollections was shared in by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie with a cheerfulness that showed the warmth of heart which many years could not chill. Even the staid old butler and his assistants let a passing smile light up their steady faces, whilst, in their plain drab livery and unornamented silver buttons, they looked quite in keeping with the whole scene. The repast differed little from that in other houses; but the especial regard bestowed on Mrs. Leslie, who was placed about the centre of the table, and most studiously cared for by both sons and daughters, was delightful to see.

On rising from table, the gentlemen accompanied us, and Mr. George proposed showing me the garden, to which we adjourned. It was almost a paradise of sweets—smooth shaven lawns, long terraces, *berceaux* of roses, and all that taste could suggest or wealth procure; for whatever scruples the good Quakers may feel of admitting bright colours in their houses, they do not carry them out in the arrangement of their flower gardens. The green-houses were full of the choicest floral treasures, and I found my young cousins were not only good gardeners but learned botanists; taking long walks to discover new plants, and then preserving their loveliness in skilful painting. Mr. Joseph was, as I have said, a noted ornithologist; and here he joined us, and took me to another part of the garden, where was his aviary. Eagles, buzzards, hawks, and other birds of prey, were all in large cages, clean and apparently comfortable; but as the large golden eagle sat immovably on his perch, and gazed at us with his keen eyes, I could not help thinking he pined for his own native hills. The little birds looked more happy, as they flitted about the trees and shrubs which stood in their pretty prison, or drank at the sparkling fountain; but, in spite of all Mr. Joseph's good arguments, they would surely have been better in their own shady woods. A winding walk led to the river and to the boat-house, in which we found a large safe boat, and entering it, were soon rowed to the island I had seen from the drawing-room window, and on which, hidden in the shrubbery, was a small summer-house.

"Here," said Annie, "we often come to read and work in the cool shade."

"Only when your brothers are at home?" I remarked.

"Oh no," said she; "either Bessie or I can row the little boat, so we come whenever we like."

"I should not like to trust myself to so slender an arm, Annie," I answered.

"Thou wilt not have the opportunity long," said the ready George; and so, with laughing and talking, passed that quiet summer evening.

The approaching marriage of cousin Annie rather varied the usual routine of life at Oakhame Hall; many parting calls were to be paid, many visits received, and the usual amount of consultation with milliners and dressmakers took place. Cousin Sarah, who was the delicate flower of the family, was spared from these duties, and with her I took pleasant drives, and visited the village and its pretty village school, which, though supported by Mrs. Leslie, and constantly inspected by herself and her daughters, was so far from any sectarian principle, that it was also cared for by Mr. Spencer, the good village pastor, who was a frequent guest at the Hall, and with whom my cousins delighted to cooperate in any plan for benefiting the condition of the poor.

In my subsequent visits to Oakhame I saw more fully developed the kindness and care which Mrs. Leslie bestowed on all the destitute, the sick, and the afflicted, to whom she dispensed bodily and spiritual comfort; for my good cousin was well versed in the Bible, and ready in the application of its promises. Mrs. Leslie belonged to a sect who have recognised the right of women to be public preachers; and strange as was the practice to me, and at first startling, yet I confess I have listened with great pleasure to the simple, pious discourses and warm prayers uttered by her in her quality of preacher, or, as the Quakers* call it, "minister."

But I must not dwell too long on the week which passed, but go on to the Wednesday morning, when, on joining the family at lunch, I found the party increased by several guests, among others a fine young man, with a frank and engaging countenance, whom Mrs. Leslie introduced as "My intended son-in-law, Edward Martin," and from whom I received a cordial shake of the hand, and a civil speech on his pleasure at meeting another of Annie's relations. Annie herself stood by with a face beaming with pleasure, and yet with an inquiring look, as if to see how her choice was approved.

By the close of the day Mr. Martin's relations—parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, and cousins—had come pouring into the Hall. The evening before a bridal must always be rather sad, but here all feelings were as much as possible suppressed; and though, when looking at her daughter, Mrs. Leslie's eyes filled with tears, she quickly wiped them away. Strolling through the gardens and conversing with the guests occupied the evening; but, just as I was entering the drawing-room for tea, Elizabeth came to me and asked

if I would like to see the school children, who were come to take leave of their young benefactress. It was a pretty sight: Mrs. White's parlour was full of young bright faces, whilst by the table stood the good housekeeper, with large baskets before her, filled with neat straw bonnets trimmed with white ribbon, white aprons, and tip-pets, which she was preparing to distribute to the youthful group, who were in a cheerful buzz of pleasure. At the entrance of Annie, a silence succeeded to the hum of voices, whilst she addressed a few simple words of farewell to the children, and then, each having received her present, came up to say good-bye; with the elder girls Annie shook hands, but many a little rosy face was up-turned to give and to receive a parting kiss.

"What a loss they will have, Annie," said I, as together we entered the ante-room.

The tears rose to her eyes; but she replied cheerfully: "Oh, Bessie and Sarah are the real managers of the school; I have done very little."

"You know the proverb," said Mr. Joseph, joining us, "What is one man's loss is another man's gain." And a great gain would any family have in that lovely cousin.

The conversation turned much on the ceremony of the next morning, and as I was quite ignorant how a marriage was celebrated by the Quakers, I applied to Mr. George for information; but so many and so contradictory were the directions given me by the merry young group, and such was the amusement excited by my ignorance, that I gave up the attempt, and resolved to trust to the chances of a few minutes' conversation with Sarah.

The next morning was all that we could desire, clear and bright; and so well had all been planned that we met at breakfast with almost as much serenity as usual: the ladies were all in plain muslin dresses, and after the usual reading we dispersed to our rooms, the carriages being ordered for half-past nine. A few minutes before that time I returned to the ante-room, which I found occupied by the gentlemen and the elderly ladies of the party; but soon after my entrance the door was softly opened, and the bride, attended by her six bridesmaids, made their appearance. Lovely, very lovely, she looked in her silver-grey silk dress, her white shawl, and her little Quaker bonnet of the most spotless white; and, as she passed gently and gracefully up the room, every eye was turned to look, and, as I saw, to admire also. The dress of the bridesmaids much resembled that of the bride, but of slightly darker hue. It has been remarked that when Quaker ladies are handsome, they are really beautiful; and any one who had seen that group of young girls would have acquiesced in the remark. The absence of all ornament or display, so far from looking formal, produced an effect of really classic purity; and I felt that my own dress looked quite common in comparison. Mrs. Leslie was already seated on the sofa; by her the bride was placed, and now occurred a little piece of gallantry which amused me much.

Two of the six groomsmen now approached, and presented to the bride a beautiful bouquet, in which the emblematic orange blossom and myrtle were conspicuous. The bridesmaids each received

* We have retained throughout the piece the term "Quakers" as used by our contributor; though "Friends," as our readers doubtless know, is the proper appellation of this worthy body of Christians.

a bouquet of white roses and myrtle—a flower of each, tied with white ribbon, being worn in the button-hole by each of the groomsmen. Rather an innovation this in Quaker plainness; but my good cousins, wisely discriminating between matters of small or of great moment, yielded to the wish of some of the tasteful and sentimental of the young party, and permitted this simple decoration, which added greatly to the general effect.

On the arrival of the carriages, a gentleman, who acted throughout as master of the ceremonies, called our names in the order required. The bridegroom, and one of his groomsmen, went first in his own carriage, and then followed a long procession closed by the family coach, in which were Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, the bride, and her sister Sarah.

The Quaker chapel, or, as my cousins called it, "the Meeting-house," was a spacious and convenient, but perfectly plain, building. On our arrival we were shown into a waiting-room and arranged in our places, my companion, Mr. William Martin, a cousin of Mr. Edward, being a very polite and intelligent young man. In a few minutes, which had, however, seemed to me long, two grave old Quakers entered, and made some announcement, of which—though I could not hear the words—I understood the import to be a request that we would proceed. Mr. and Mrs. Martin led the way; they were followed by Mr. and Mrs. Leslie, then by the bride and bridegroom, then the bridesmaids and groomsmen, and then the rest of the company in order—the two families being scrupulously mixed. We went through a short passage, folding-doors were thrown open, and, to my dismay, I saw the large chapel thronged with people—the ladies ranged on one side, the gentlemen on the other; the galleries, the passages, every place, was full—so full, that a temporary check occurred. "How shall we get in?" I whispered to my companion. "The doorkeepers will make way for us," answered Mr. William—and so they did; and in a short time we reached the seats at the end of the house. The bride and bridegroom were placed facing all that vast assemblage, and as I thought of the great crowd—drawn some by respect and some by curiosity—my heart beat, and I stole a glance at my young cousin; her sweet face was calm but very pale, and as she sat, with her eyes cast down, I did wish (my readers who are of another persuasion will pardon me for this expression of opinion) that she had been in the quiet little church at Oakhame, listening to the solemn and beautiful service with which our church consecrates the nuptial hour. I almost trembled as I thought of the strong self-control which would be needed to rise and speak before that assembly; but I did not tremble long, for in a short time Mr. Martin and Annie rose, and the former pronounced in a distinct tone the simple Quaker vow, promising to be faithful and loving till death. Annie repeated the same vow with the proper variation; and though her voice was low, it was silvery clear. An old Quaker then rose, and read from a large parchment called "The Certificate," which contained the particulars of parentage, the residence, vow, etc.; this he then placed before the bride and bridegroom to sign. Mr. Martin wrote his

name with a good, strong, bold dash, as if proud to confirm his declaration: Annie's hand trembled; but as Mr. Martin gave her the pen a glance of quiet sympathy passed, which appeared to reassure and steady her. The parents and all the company then signed, each pair advancing in turn, and then silently resuming their seats. Several addresses and prayers then followed, and at the end of about an hour and a half the meeting ended, and we left the chapel. On our way out I caught a glimpse of a whole row of white bonnets and tippets at the end of one of the galleries. A few more formalities of signing documents yet remained to be done; but here fast falling tears took the place of the self-command so wonderfully maintained, and I was glad when Mr. Martin's carriage was announced and his young companion returned to the quiet of Oakhame. The many congratulations which Mr. and Mrs. Leslie received rather delayed the return of the rest of the party, but very glad was I when away from the busy, crowded streets, and again under the cool shade of the old oak trees.

The large dining-room looked beautiful as we entered it for the wedding breakfast; the tables were covered with delicacies, and in the centre stood the wedding-cake; but even here Mrs. Leslie carried out what she called her "consistent principles." Not an ornament disturbed its snowy whiteness, save that upon it lay a wreath of geraniums, and around it was a circle of blended white and red roses. I could not regret the absence of silver tinsel and artificial flowers. Large plateaus of floral treasures graced the table, all arranged with exquisite taste; wine was present, but few partook of it, and there was no drinking healths; all was cheerful but quiet, plain yet elegant. But parting moments will come, and whilst we yet admired and enjoyed the fruits and the cake, a little stir took place. Mr. Edward Martin rose, and, with his fair bride leaning on his arm, came round to take leave. The simple Quaker "Farewell" is impressive; the parting words were distinctly heard in the general silence, whilst kisses and some tears accompanied them. Tears rose quickly to my own eyes at the clasp of the hand; and, as she presented her soft cheek, I whispered, "May God bless you, dear Annie—Mrs. Martin, I mean." Mr. Edward smiled at the correction, and with a cordial shake of the hand, and an invitation to visit them at Laurel Bank, passed on. The parting from her parents and family was a scene too tender to pass before so many witnesses, and, with spontaneous delicacy of feeling, the company remained in the dining-room till the sound of carriage-wheels told them that the young bride had quitted her father's roof.

A reaction must always follow strong excitement; but this was not to be indulged in yet, for cards of invitation had been sent to all the Quaker families far and near, and in the evening the rooms were filled to overflowing, with comfortable matrons in dark and formal dresses, and young women and girls in white, or fawn, or lavender, and with elegant though simple dresses; and there was no lack of gentlemen. The honours of the house were done by my young cousins, who were anxious to spare their parents any needless fatigue. There was no music, no fixed amusement, and yet I en-

joyed the evening very much. The air was so warm and balmy, that every window and door was set open, and large parties walked on the lawn, or went to the greenhouses. Tea was served anywhere and everywhere. My companion of the morning kindly resumed his charge; took me through all the rooms; joined all the groups by turns; and Mr. William Martin being known to almost every one, more introductions passed than I shall ever remember, whilst the relationship which seemed to exist among so many persons amused me much, almost every one addressing, or being addressed, as uncle, aunt, or cousin; but, as Quakers can only marry with Quakers, relationship soon becomes very complicated.

In the course of the evening Mr. George joined us, with an interesting young creature, looking much like a second Annie, leaning on his arm, and together we strolled on the terrace and wandered down to the river-side, listening to the warbling of the nightingale till the stars shone out and the air grew cool, and prudence whispered us to return to the house. The supper gathered all the wandering parties together: we joined those who preferred the large cool hall; and here our good hosts came, and walking among their guests, with satisfaction pictured on their kind faces, exchanged a few pleasant words with each. The doors of the various rooms were open, and we had charming vistas; but now the various pendules told the lateness of the hour, the carriages were announced, and a general dispersion took place.

For some days I yet lingered at the Hall, but I must not lengthen my description; suffice it to say, that when I took my departure, it was with a sincere love for my venerable hosts and for my young cousins; and with the desire expressed on the one side, and echoed on the other, that an acquaintance so happily begun, might be continued by future visits to Oakhame Hall.

A VISIT TO LAMBETH PALACE.

[CONCLUDED.]

It is refreshing to turn from the haughty and ambitious cardinal, and the bigoted and intolerant Laud, to the mild and rather pensive countenance of Cranmer, whose high rank, coupled with his apostasy and subsequent firmness, render him conspicuous among the "noble army of martyrs." In the portrait before us he has a cap on his head, a fur round his neck, and lawn sleeves. He holds a book in one hand, and his eyes are raised to heaven.

Another striking portrait here is that of archbishop Parker, a prelate of great learning and accomplishments, very zealous in promoting the Reformation. During the reign of Mary, he narrowly escaped being burnt; but when Elizabeth came to the throne he was made archbishop of Canterbury, and had a large share in the composition of the reformed liturgy.

We could do no more than take a passing glance at many other portraits of persons of eminence, among which is a singular one of Catherine Parr, with a young and handsome face, in a rich dress of scarlet and gold. The series of likenesses is concluded by one of the present primate, of whom the delicacy due to the living forbids us to say

more than that he retains, in his exalted position, the simple habits of his earlier life, and that, by the exercise of combined firmness and moderation, he has soothed the animosities and conciliated the respect of all parties in the church.

We next proceeded to the chapel, one of the oldest parts of the palace, supposed to bear date about the beginning of the thirteenth century. It consists of a body, 72 feet long and 25 feet wide. It has a beautiful grained roof, the work of archbishop Howley. The Grecian woodwork, however, dates from the time of Charles II. The chapel is divided into two by a screen of carved oak, the fittings-up consisting of a handsome range of stalls for the archbishop's household; the screen and the archbishop's seat are elaborately carved and hung, and cushioned with crimson velvet. The floor is of alternate squares of black and white marble. The lancet-shaped windows are of rich stained glass, which mellow the light as it streams in upon the polished marble pillars, vaulted roof, and elaborately-carved oak of this beautiful edifice. The western entrance to the chapel is from the *post room*, so called from a large pillar or post which supports the roof. It is lighted on the west side by three low pointed windows which open upon the Thames. Opposite to these is the doorway of the chapel, a large circular stone arch, enclosing two pointed ones, surmounted by the arms of archbishop Laud. This room is of interest as a specimen of the domestic architecture of a bygone period, being remarkable for the broad and massy character of its walls, and a certain gloomy air of antiquity, which recalls forcibly the memory of other times. The intersections of the flat, panelled ceiling are ornamented with a variety of grotesque forms—angels bearing crowns, shields, and scrolls. There are none, however, so irreverently ludicrous as one we saw last year in Roslin chapel, where an angel is represented playing upon a bagpipe. The Lollards' tower, besides the room above described, contains several others, all more or less gloomy.

It is a large, heavy looking pile of stone building, and was built by Chichely, about the end of the fourteenth century. It is thought to have derived its name from a little prison at the top of it, used for the incarceration of the persecuted followers of Wycliffe, denominated Lollards. Outside is a niche, beautifully carved, which formerly contained the image of Thomas à Becket. In the time of Arundel and Chichely, some of the Lollards were examined here, and in 1531, Latimer, after being excommunicated for a supposed act of contumacy, was ordered to remain at Lambeth in close custody. The most interesting part of this tower is the Lollards' prison, where these unhappy persons are supposed to have been confined. The ascent to this room is by a small spiral stone staircase, the steps of which are so much decayed as to afford a rather insecure footing. It is entered by a little pointed stone doorway, barely wide enough for one person at a time, which doorway has an inner and outer door of strong oak, thickly studded with iron, with fastenings to correspond. There are eight large iron rings about breast-high, still firmly fixed into the wall. The room has two very small windows, narrowing outwards, and on the walls are various scratches, sentences, and initials,



ENTRANCE TO LAMBETH PALACE.

in the old English character (so rudely cut as not to be easily deciphered), and in one or two places a crucifix. The very names and offences, real or imaginary, of the prisoners confined here, have passed into oblivion; but while tradition ascribes their confinement to an unflinching adherence to a purer faith, all our sympathies must be enlisted in their behalf at the sight of the gloom and mystery of this horrible prison. In truth, the imagination pictures the probable sufferings here; the unjust imprisonment, the years of captivity, perhaps only the preliminary to a terrible death. One involuntarily breathes the prayer in the Litany, "For all prisoners and captives." The crypt is generally thought to be the oldest part of the palace, and may formerly have been used for divine worship. It consists of a series of strong stone arches, supported in the centre by a short, massive column, and is 36 feet long, 24 wide, and 10 high; but there is such an earthy sepulchral smell about it, that one is glad to escape into the open air.

We cannot conclude our necessarily imperfect sketch of the palace without adverting to a few of the remarkable occurrences for which it is celebrated.

In 1381, during the insurrection of Wat Tyler, the rebels not only beheaded archbishop Sudbury, then lord high chancellor, but a party plundered the palace, and burnt most of the goods, books, and registers.

In 1501, Catherine of Arragon was lodged with her ladies for some time in the palace, on her first arrival in England, prior to her marriage with Henry VIII; and on May 28, 1533, Cranmer confirmed at Lambeth the marriage of the fickle monarch with Anne Boleyn. Three years afterwards, the same prelate being judicially seated in a certain low chapel within the same building, by a definitive sentence annulled the marriage between the same parties: the unhappy queen, in order to avoid the sentence of burning, having confessed some lawful impediments to her marriage with the king. After the rout of the Scotch army at Flodden-field, the earl of Cassils, one of the many prisoners taken, was sent to Lambeth palace on parole. Archbishop Cranmer studied to free him from the errors of popery, and was so successful that this nobleman afterwards became a great promoter of the Reformation in his own country. Queen Mary completely furnished Lambeth palace for the reception of cardinal Pole, and frequently honoured him with her presence there, where she concerted measures with him for the suppression of "heresy." After the cardinal's death, his body lay in state for forty days at Lambeth palace, prior to its interment at Canterbury. Queen Elizabeth frequently visited archbishop Parker, and on one occasion, when she had been treated with more than ordinary magnificence, after thanking the

prelate for his hospitality, she addressed Mrs. Parker in the following unqueenly manner: "And you—*madam* I may not call you, and *mistress* I am ashamed to call you so—I know not what to call you, but nevertheless I thank you —"

Archbishop Whitgift was honoured with several royal visits, both from Elizabeth and James. The former is said to have been entertained by him fifteen times, and frequently staid with him for two or three days together. Mary, wife of William III., also honoured Tillotson with a visit. In 1697, Clarke, afterwards archdeacon of Norwich, was ordained priest in Lambeth chapel, when Peter the Great, czar of Muscovy, was present at the ceremony. Numerous important meetings, attended with great results to the church and nation, have been held here; but we have already exceeded our limits.

We must, however, give a brief notice of the gate-house, the exterior of which, with its gloomy grated windows, must be familiar to all persons who have landed at Lambeth from the river. It was an old part of the palace, but was rebuilt as we at present see it, by cardinal Morton, in 1490. It is a very imposing building, not for the elegance of its workmanship, but for its vast size and height. It consists of two immense square towers, with a spacious gateway in the centre, the whole embattled and built of red brick with stone dressings. Above the gateway is the "Record Room," where the archives of the see of Canterbury are deposited. The towers are ascended by small spiral stone staircases, and are now used as lumber rooms. A small room in the gatehouse is supposed to have served anciently as a secondary prison for confining the overflowings of the Lollards' tower. This room contains three iron rings fastened to the wall. It is guarded by a double door, the windows are high and narrow, the walls lined with stone, and of prodigious thickness. An additional proof of the ancient appropriation of this room is, that here is the same sort of writing as in the Lollards' tower, cut in the wall with a knife or other sharp instrument. The name Grafton, in the old English character, is perfectly legible, and near it are to be seen a cross and other figures, rudely delineated.

We have been obliged to omit taking our readers with us over much that is deeply interesting in this ancient pile; but we trust that enough has been said to lead them to regard Lambeth palace with feelings of deeper interest, as they contemplate its history stretching back into the misty past. The gateway recalls the memory of monarchs, statesmen, and prelates, who have gone in and out, some in pomp and power, others to the scaffold or the stake; but they have "gone the way of all the earth," and their inheritance is the gloom of a silent grave, where they sleep with the dust of their fathers, while those who have filled the brightest page in history will only be blessed, alike with the humblest Christian, if they shall rise with him at the resurrection of the just.

THE love of God is the strong motive, and love to God a quickening principle of obedience.—*Charnock*.

HUMILITY beautifies the soul and casts a general glory on all the graces.—*Brooks*.

RUSSIA UNDER PETER THE GREAT.

No sooner was Peter invested with the sole authority, than the real force of his character, and the bent of his vigorous and practical genius, became manifest. He immediately adopted liberal measures in relation to the customs of excise, which, owing to their exorbitance, had been clandestinely evaded, and thus improved his revenue. He then turned his attention to the improvement of his militia; and, by way of testing their efficiency, set forth with them to the attack of Azoff, which he regarded as the key to the sovereignty of the Black Sea. In this attack he was defeated through the treachery of an inferior officer, who, in revenge for a severe bamboozing, first spiked the Russian cannon, and then went over to the enemy. Returning to the assault, however, in the following spring (1696), he took the town, and, having strengthened its fortifications, re-entered Moscow with his triumphal army. At Moscow, a conspiracy was formed against him by the Strelitz, who, not without reason, suspected him of a design to supersede them in the service. The plot was betrayed by one of the conspirators, and Peter, proceeding to the house where they were assembled, had them arrested, and executed with true Russian barbarity.

Convinced of the pre-eminence of the western nations over his own barbarous people, he dispatched, in 1697, a hundred young Russians to Holland, Italy, and Germany, to acquire such knowledge of the naval and military arts as might tend to their improvement. He further resolved to travel himself, with the same view; and, leaving the administration of his government to colonel Gordon, he appointed an embassy extraordinary, and, accompanying it incognito, set forth in the same year. His retinue, including a body-guard of fifty soldiers, consisted of above two hundred persons. Among them were his twelve personal attendants, one of whom was his favourite Menzikoff, who had formerly been a seller of pies in the streets of the capital.

Arriving in Holland, Peter hastened to Zaandam, where he took lodgings in the house of Kist, the working blacksmith, whom he knew. Here he remained for some time, dwelling in a couple of small rooms over a shed. He could not, of course, preserve his incognito, and was from time to time much annoyed by the crowds who flocked to see him. Thence he removed to the dock-yard of a shipbuilder, of whom he bought a small yacht, fitted her with a new bowsprit made by his own hands, and in her made frequent expeditions upon the water. In the dock-yard he entered himself as a ship-carpenter under the name of Pieter Timmerman. He rose early, made his own fire and boiled his own pot. He wore the dress of a common workman, helped to carry on his shoulders the heavy logs of timber, and in all things conformed to the customs of the yard. In this way he derived a knowledge of everything connected with ship-building—such as rope-making, sail-making, smith's work, etc. On visiting a neighbouring factory, he forged several bars of iron, making his retinue blow the bellows and stir the fire. When his work was done he demanded his wages, and, resorting to a shop, bought a pair of shoes

with the money, which he wore with evident pride. He visited the Texel, and inquired into everything connected with the whale-fishery; resorted to wind-mills and paper-mills to see whatever was going on, and exhibited an unbounded curiosity which no fatigue or peril deterred him from gratifying. He had recourse to a surgeon, and learned to draw teeth, and to bleed; and he tapped the wife of a Dutch merchant for the dropsy. Having spent nine months in Holland, Peter proceeded to the Hague, and had an interview with king William, who promised to send a royal yacht to convey him to England in the following January.

In England, where he remained four months, the czar was placed under the special charge of the marquess Camarthen. He dwelt in a large house in York-buildings. He manifested little taste, however, for courtly society, and, turning his back upon Kensington, sought the more agreeable atmosphere of Deptford and Woolwich, where he studied the theory of naval architecture. He was exceedingly annoyed by the intrusions upon his privacy, resulting from the public curiosity; but he received very courteously a visit from two Quakers, and was much struck with their conversation and the singularity of their principles, which, notwithstanding, he warmly commended. He had an interview with William Penn, and retained a favourable impression of the Quakers for many years. After a month's residence in the city, he removed to Deptford dock-yard. There he spent his days on the Thames, learning to manage a vessel, and his evenings in a public-house, smoking and drinking brandy. In March he went to Portsmouth, where he witnessed a sham-fight at sea, and declared that the condition of an English admiral was happier than that of a Russian czar. In London he visited workshops and factories, and sought by every means to acquire that practical knowledge in which his own people were deficient.

When the czar at length left England, he took with him nearly five hundred persons, whom he had engaged to instruct his subjects in the arts of civilization—the greater number of them being skilled artizans in crafts connected with the practice of navigation. Returning to Holland, Peter proceeded thence to Vienna, with a view to obtain a knowledge of the tactics and discipline of the emperor's army. He was preparing to prosecute his journey thence to Italy, when he received intelligence of the rebellion of the Strelitz in Moscow, which demanded his immediate presence in his capital. The fruits of Peter's furious resentment against all who were in the least degree concerned in this rebellion, exhibit the savage barbarity of which he could be guilty, in a striking and terrible light. The most horrible punishments were inflicted, not only upon the guilty but upon the suspected; and when the executions were over, the whole body of the Strelitzes was broken up and drafted into different regiments lately formed.

Peter now addressed himself to the task of profiting his people by the knowledge he had picked up in his travels. His first reforms were in the army, whom he divested of their beards, and clothed in a costume adapted to their profession.

He then turned his attention to the subject of education, founded schools, and caused translations to be made of the most useful treatises which the whole press of Europe had produced. His next step was to abolish the old Russian calendar, according to which the year began on the first of September, and to substitute the same which is used by other Christian nations. He then began the equipment of a fleet in the Don, and resumed a plan which he had formerly projected for the junction of the Don and the Volga. While absent at Voronitz, to inspect the works there in progress, he received news of the sudden death of his friend and earliest benefactor, Lefort, who died suddenly, at the age of forty-six, in March, 1699. The czar attended his funeral, and raised a handsome monument to his memory.

At Voronitz a formidable fleet rose rapidly into being, at the construction of which the czar not only superintended, but personally assisted, with the view, doubtless, of being in a condition to push his conquests on the shores of the Black Sea.

In 1700, being at peace with the Turks, Peter entered into a confederacy with Poland and Denmark against the Swedes. The war which followed was at first unfortunate for the czar, his allies having been compelled by the spirited conduct of Charles XII, then a lad of seventeen, to retire from the contest. At the battle of Narva the Russian troops, more than 50,000 strong, were defeated and put to a shameful rout by 9000 Swedes, headed by their young king. It was no more, however, than Peter expected; and though 6000 men were killed upon the field, he remarks in his diary, that that disastrous check was a real good fortune, as it would teach his forces to make the utmost efforts to supply by circumspection the want of experience. "The Swedes," he said, "will teach us to beat them in time." Having lost all his artillery in this battle, he ordered the bells of the churches and convents to be melted down and cast into more, and had by this means above a hundred and fifty pieces ready by the following spring, by which time he had also remodelled and disciplined his army—not without material assistance from general Patkul, whose talent and energy almost compensated for the loss of Lefort. Notwithstanding the demands which the necessities of the war made upon the time of the czar, he never relaxed in his efforts for the establishment among his people of the arts of peace; while raising forces to combat "the Swedish madman," he introduced breeds of sheep from Saxony, built linen and paper manufactories, erected hospitals, and surrounded himself with the elements of industry and civilization.

The natural results of so much forethought soon became apparent. Early in 1701 the forces of the czar, both on land and water, obtained various successes, and by January, 1702, were enabled to fight a pitched battle with the Swedes, whom they defeated, killing three thousand of their troops. Other successes soon followed. His galleys obtained the mastery on the lake Ladoga, and the town of Rotteburg was taken by assault. In the course of this year the patriarch Adrian died, upon which, in spite of the opposition of the monks and priests, the czar declared himself patriarch and head of the church.

Having expelled the Swedes from the shores of the Neva, and obtained possession of the fortresses on its banks, the czar resolved to found a city, and on the 16th of May laid the foundation of a new fortress, which he named St. Petersburg, and which formed the nucleus of one of the most magnificent cities of Europe. Fixing upon Cronstadt as a fit spot on which to build a fort to protect the entrance to the river, the czar made a model of the proposed defences in wood, and left their execution to Menzikoff, returning himself to St. Petersburg to superintend the erection of the new city, the labours of which were so severe, that not less than a hundred thousand men perished under them in the course of the first year.

Early in 1704, the Poles having by the instigation of Charles XII declared their throne vacant, proceeded to elect a new sovereign, recommended by that king. The czar remonstrated indignantly against this step, but in vain. Accordingly, he sent twelve thousand men to reinforce the army of the deposed Augustus, and, collecting his forces, sent his field-marshal to lay siege to Dorpat, while he proceeded himself to attack Narva. Both expeditions were successful, and reduced the whole of Ingria to the power of the czar, who conferred the government of that province on his favourite Menzikoff.

In 1705, the forces of the czar suffered a defeat from the Swedish general Lewenhaupt; and in the following year his friend Patkul, who was then his ambassador at Dresden, was basely delivered up to Charles, who put him to a barbarous death. Peter, though justly incensed at a murder so monstrous and indefensible, refused to retaliate upon the Swedish officers who were his prisoners. He took his revenge in the campaign of 1709, which terminated in the battle of Pultowa, in which the forces of Charles were entirely routed, leaving ten thousand of their number dead upon the field, and the whole of his resources fell into the hands of the Russians. This victory not only restored Augustus to the throne of Poland, but freed Russia from all apprehensions on the score of the Swedes.

Charles took refuge with the Turks, and endeavoured to stir them up to a war with Russia. Though the Turks declared war, however, it was from considerations of their own interest, and not at his suggestion. Peter immediately made preparations for a campaign, and having appointed a regency to govern during his absence, and acknowledged solemnly in public that the czarina Catharine* was his true wife, he set forth in the spring of 1711 to meet the enemy. He had issued orders that women should not accompany the army, but Catharine, determined not to be separated

from him, contrived to get this order rescinded—an act of devotion on her part, which ultimately proved the means of saving Peter and his army. Advancing with too much haste and eagerness, and lured onwards by the prince of Moldavia, Peter found himself on a sudden surrounded by an overwhelming force of the enemy on the banks of the Pruth. After some days of desperate fighting, and the loss of above sixteen thousand of his men, his affairs were irretrievably ruined, and complete surrender to the Turks appeared the only prospect. In this dilemma, and while the czar was prostrate in convulsions, to which he was liable, Catharine came to his aid. Collecting all the valuables which the army afforded, she bribed the Turkish vizier to a peace not dishonourable, and thus extricated her husband and his army from certain ruin.

On his return from this unfortunate campaign, Peter married his son Alexis, whom he had by his first wife, to the sister of the empress of Germany. By this marriage he hoped to effect the reform of Alexis, who had been guilty of every species of vice and disobedience. Shortly after, he also celebrated anew his own marriage with Catharine, amid unheard-of splendour and rejoicings.

He now continued his internal improvements, by establishing factories, cutting canals, and forming roads. He also removed the senate, and a great part of the nobility, from Moscow to Petersburg, which he designed for his capital. Determined to humble Sweden, he fitted out a fleet, and fought a naval battle with them in the gulf of Finland, taking a number of their vessels and above a thousand prisoners. On his return to Petersburg he found that Catharine had borne him a princess, who died, however, the year after.

By the year 1714-15, Peter saw his new capital flourishing in the highest degree. Merchants and traders flocked to it from all parts. The nobility had built themselves handsome palaces, and the houses of the citizens, which had been first of wood, were fast being superseded by erections of brick, and men of science and foreign artificers made it their home. By this time the czar had conquered all Finland; and having now nothing further to apprehend on the part of Sweden, he undertook a second tour through Europe, in which Catharine accompanied him. He proceeded first to Holland, thence to Denmark, where he was gratified by acting as admiral to the united fleets of Russia, Holland, England, and Denmark, during a few days' cruise. At Zaandam he was received with a noisy and rapturous welcome, and there he shut himself up in the little chamber in which he had dwelt nineteen years before. He made his old friend Kist a handsome present. At Paris he was received with extraordinary cordiality; his portrait met him wherever he went, and medals were struck in his praise; everything which he honoured with his approval was pressed on his acceptance. He drew up with his own hands a treaty of commerce with France, which his ministers negotiated after his departure. From Paris he proceeded to Berlin, where an equally warm welcome awaited him.

On his return to his own country the czar proceeded to the trial and condemnation of his son Alexis, whom, on account of his vices and disobe-

* Catharine was the child of a peasant of Livonia. A clergyman of the parish, struck with her childlike beauty, received her into his house, and educated her with his family. At sixteen he married her to a Swedish dragoon, who perished, it is supposed, the day after the marriage, at the siege of Marienburgh, where the young couple resided. Catharine being taken prisoner, was received into the house of the Russian general Bauer, who made her over to prince Menzikoff, with whom she resided when Peter first saw her. He had at that time been long divorced from his first wife. Charmed with the beauty and good temper of Catharine, he married her—a step which proved immensely to his advantage; and which in the course of his life proved also the means of saving many unfortunates whom, by her intercession, she rescued from the severity of his resentment.

dience, he had long threatened to disinherit. The young man appears to have been tried by a secret tribunal for conspiracy against his father's life and throne. The proofs of his guilt are by no means clear from any now existing evidence. That Peter disliked, and perhaps feared him, is quite as apparent as are any proofs of the son's rebellion. He was induced to confess by persecutions from which death would seem to most men a refuge; and he was condemned to death by the tribunal, who added a rather ambiguous recommendation to the mercy of the czar. Alexis died the day after his sentence; and it is not clear to this hour, and probably never will be clear, that his death was not accelerated by the same fiat which procured his condemnation.

In the same year, the 6th of May, 1719, Peter's son by Catharine died at the age of five years. The death of Charles XII, which had taken place the year before, led to the peace of Neustadt, by which Peter attained to the summit of his glory. The senate now accorded him the title of *Peter the Great, Emperor of all the Russias, and Father of his Country*. Energetic in peace as in war, Peter now undertook a thorough revision of all the labours he had set on foot, reforming abuses, and removing difficulties wherever they were found. He hanged the governor of Siberia on a gallows fifty cubits high, for plundering his sovereign's caravans and murdering the drivers. He introduced the arts of painting and music from Italy, and reformed the social etiquette which had hitherto prevailed among his own people.

Having lost his remaining son and heir, he resolved upon settling the succession in case of his death. For this purpose he assembled the inhabitants at the Kremlin, and exacted an oath from them that they would bear firm allegiance to the person he might name his successor. This oath was administered throughout the kingdom, though no man knew on whom the succession would be conferred.

The last warlike expedition which Peter undertook, was a campaign in Persia, for which he found a pretext in a massacre which his subjects had endured from the Lesghians on the shores of the Caspian; but the real object of which was the establishment of an advantageous commerce, and the maintenance of a fleet in the Caspian. The expedition turned out a failure, and Peter returned to his capital, where he had again the mortification of being compelled to signalise his presence by the trial and punishment of offenders who, presuming on his absence, had abused their authority.

From this period until his death, which took place on the 28th of January, 1725, there is no event of sufficient importance to call for particular notice in this brief summary. The czar had been for a long time suffering from an internal disorder, which he had kept from the knowledge of his physicians. In the summer of 1724, the symptoms became painful and aggravated, and he was compelled to keep his room for nearly four months. Recovering partially, he embarked on board his yacht for an excursion on the Neva, in spite of the remonstrances of his medical attendants. He remained on board during the month of October and part of November; when, imprudently wading in the water in order to carry relief to a stranded boat,

he caught a chill, which, resulting in fever and inflammation, ended in his death. Catharine, whom he had appointed his successor, succeeded to the throne on the very day of his demise.

The character of Peter the Great is a bundle of contradictions. He seems to have lived a double life, and to have acted occasionally under the influence of principles diametrically opposed to each other. Devoted to the humblest of mechanical arts, he was yet capable of carrying out the most gigantic undertakings: he would plan a coat for a soldier, or a campaign for his generals, with equal earnestness: prodigal of human life to a degree which strikes common men with horror, he would yet risk his own to rescue the meanest of his subjects from danger. He has been regarded by some writers, as much in the light of a scourge as a benefactor of his country. We are inclined to think that, in spite of his early vices and his ingrained sternness and severity, he was the man whom the Russia of that period demanded. A less barbaric potentate would hardly have moulded so barbaric a material to purposes of greatness. That he did that, and did it effectually, is the great proof of his genius. The late publication of his "will," a document worthy of consideration by all who would understand his character, reveals to us the gigantic extent of his ambition; and if it fail to establish a claim to our admiration on philanthropic grounds, yet it extorts an acknowledgment of the unscrupulous sagacity which dictated the means of his country's future aggrandisement.

GLIMPSES OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.

At the time we write these lines the pestilence is abroad, slaying its thousands of victims, darkening our streets with funereal spectacles, and filling our homes with anguish, desolation, and mourning. In this season of sorrow and gloomy foreboding, the reflective mind naturally reverts to that dreadful visitation which occurred about two centuries ago, known from its terrific ravages as the "Great Plague" of London, and which, together with the calamitous fire that almost immediately succeeded it, forms one of the prominent landmarks of modern history. Many of our readers are probably acquainted with Defoe's thrilling history of this solemn judgment of God upon a guilty people. Those who have never familiarized themselves with the harrowing pictures of mortality and social devastation presented in that remarkable book, will meet with some most touching representations of the effects of the awful scourge in a recently published work, entitled, "Cherry and Violet." Of this most charming tale—which is not without its gleams of sunshine and joyousness, all the brighter for the great sorrow that overshadows its pages—as well as of its predecessors, "Mary Powell," "The Colloquies of Edward Osborne," etc.,* we can confidently speak in high terms of commendation. The invariable purity of sentiment, the exquisite delicacy of feeling, and the tone of evangelical piety pervading these productions, render them honourable exceptions to much of the light

* London: Hall, Virtue & Co.

literature that is published in the present day; while the pretty conceits with which they abound, the archaic simplicity of the style, and the vivid glimpses which they open up of the life and customs of the "good old times," invest them with an indescribable charm to all classes of readers.

The desolate and deserted appearance of the old city, while suffering under the scourge, is thus described by our gifted authoress—a description which reminds us of the Divine mercy which so greatly tempers the judgment under which we are at present prostrate. It must be remembered that Cherry was an inhabitant of old London-bridge.

"As spring advanced, the plague came on a main. Houses were shut up, some empty, some with infected people in them under guard, ne'er to be let out, save in perfect health or to be cast into the dead-cart. Swarms of people hurried out of town, some in health, some already infected: never was such a blockade of carts, coaches, and horse-men on the bridge; and I was told, on the northern and western roads 'twas still worse. Every horse, good and bad, was in request, at enormous hire: as soon as they had done duty for one party, they came back for another, so that the poor things had an ill time o't. The court set the example of running away; the nobility and gentry followed it; the soldiers were all sent to country quarters; the tower was left under the guard of a few beef-eaters; all the courts of law were closed; and even the middle and lower ranks that could not well afford to leave their shops and houses, thought it a good matter to escape for bare life, and live about the country in removed places, camping in the fields and under hedges.

"Thus the city, which had previously been so over-filled as to provoke the comparing of it with Jerusalem before the last passover, was in a manner so depopulated, that though vast numbers remained in its by-streets and lanes, whole rows of houses stood empty. Those that walked abroad kept the middle of the streets for fear of infection; grass began to grow between the paving-stones; the sound of wheels was scarce heard, for people were afraid of using the hackney-coaches; beggars, and street-singers, and hawkers, had altogether disappeared; so that there was nothing to break the awful stillness save the shrieks of dying persons in lone houses, or the rumbling of the dead-cart.

"Meanwhile, though the distemper was raging on both sides of us and all about us, it came not on the bridge. Crowded assemblages of buyers and sellers at markets, etc., being much to be avoided, we laid in as much stock as our small premises would hold and our small family require, of soap, candles, groceries, cheese, bacon, salt butter, and such-like. And whereas the plague raged worse than anywhere among the butchers' stalls and low fishmongers, we made a merit of necessity, and fasted from both fish and fresh meat, as well for our health as our sins, which, if sundry others had done in a proper frame and temper, 'tis likely they might have been spared.

"Thus we kept close and went abroad little, except to public prayers; reading and meditating much at home, and considering as Noah and his family probably did in the ark, that if our confine-

ment were irksome, 'twas a cheap price to pay for safety.

"Meantime, though our bridge, by reason of its being one of the great thoroughfares of London, could not well be shut up, yet the bridge-wardens took all the care of us they could, keeping the gates with much jealousy, and burning large fires of resinous and strong-smelling substances."

Shortly after the period thus graphically and affectingly sketched, Cherry's father, who was a hairdresser, went forth one morning in quest of a debt owed him by a person who, on the pretext of escaping the plague, was about to quit the country. He left his daughter in perfect health, but she never saw him again, and could never learn his fate. The anxiety, the distress, the wild inquiries and searchings for the missing parent, by day and by night, are most touchingly told. Here is an account of one of these visits, paid to the house of Mark Blenkinsop, who had formerly been an apprentice of her father's.

"I darted through the toll-gate the moment it was clear, and made for Cheapside. Oh! how awful the change, during a few weeks! Not a creature stirring, where lately all had been alive. At the turn of a lane I met a man wheeling a dead person in a hand-barrow, and turning his own head aside. Houses were deserted or silent, marked with the fatal red cross. Within one, I heard much wailing and sobbing. At length I reached Mark's house. 'Twas all shut up!—and a watchman sat smoking on the door-step. He said, 'Young woman, what do you want?' I said, 'I want to speak to Mark Blenkinsop.' He said, 'Nobody must go out or in—the house is under visitation.' My heart sank when I remembered Mark's forebodings of himself, and I said, 'Is he dead?' 'I know not whether he be dead or no,' replied the watchman; 'a maid-servant was put into the cart the night before last, and a 'prentice the night before that; since then, they've kept mighty quiet, and asked for nothing, though I've rung the house-bell two or three times. But the night-watch told me that a woman put her head out of window during the night, and called out, 'Oh! death, death, death!' three several times."

"I said, 'Ring the bell again!'

"He did so, and pulled it so violently this time, that the wire broke. We gave each other a blank look.

"'See,' said I, 'there's a window open on the second story—'

"'Tis where the woman put out her head and screeched, during the night,' said he.

"'Could not you get a ladder,' said I, 'and look in?'

"'Well,' said he, 'I will, if you will stay here and see that no one comes out while I'm gone.'

"So I said I would, but I should have been a sorry guard had any one indeed rushed forth, so weak was I and trembling. I thought of Mark lying within, perhaps stiff and cold.

"Presently the watchman returned with a ladder, but it was too short, so then he had to go for another. This time he was much longer gone, so that I was almost beside myself with waiting. All this time not a creature passed. At length a man came along the middle of the street, holding

a red rod before him. He cried, 'What do you there?' I said, 'We know not whether the family be dead or have deserted the house—a watchman has gone for a ladder to look through the open window.' He said, 'I will send some one to look to it,' and passed on.

"Then the watchman and another man appeared, carrying a long ladder between them. They set it against the window, and the watchman went up. When he had looked in, he cried out in a fearful voice, 'There's a woman in white, lying all along on the floor, seemingly dead, with a casket of jewels in her hand. Shall I go in?' 'Aye, do,' I exclaimed. The other man, hearing talk of jewels, cried, 'Here, come you down, if you be afraid, and I'll go in,' and gave the ladder a little shake; which, however, only made the watchman at once jump through the window. Then up came two men, saying, 'We are from my lord mayor, empowered to seal up any property that may be left, if the family indeed be dead.' So they went up the ladder too, and the other man had no mind to go now; and presently the watchman comes out of the house-door, looking very pale, and says he, 'Besides the lady on the floor, with all her jewels about her, there's not a soul alive nor dead in the house, the others must have escaped over the back walls and out-houses.'

"Then my heart gave a great beat, for I concluded Mark had escaped, leaving his wife to die alone; and now all my thoughts returned to my father. I hastened to one or two acquaintances of his, who, it was just possible, might have seen him; but their houses were one and all shut up, and, lying some way apart from each other, this took up much time. I now became bewildered and almost wild, not knowing where to look for him; and catching like a drowning man at a straw, I went to Lime-street. Here I went all up one side and all down the other, knocking at every door that was not padlocked. At first I made my inquiries coherently enough, and explained my distress and got a civil answer; but, as I went on and still did not find him, my wits seemed to unsettle, and, when any one came to the door, which was often not till after much knocking and waiting, I had got nothing to say to them but, 'Have you seen my father?' and when they stared and said, 'Who is your father?' I could not rightly bring his name to mind. This gave me some sign of wildness, I suppose, for after a while, the people did not so much look strange as pitying, and said, 'Who is your father, poor girl?' and waited patiently for me to answer. All except one rough man, who cried fiercely, 'In the dead-pit in Aldgate, very likely, where my only child will be to-night.' Then I lost sense altogether, and shrieked, 'Oh! he's in the pit! *Father! father!*' and went running through the streets, a-wringing my hands. At length a voice far off answered, 'Daughter! daughter! here I am!' and I rushed towards it, crying, 'Oh, where? I'm coming! I'm coming!' And so got nearer and nearer till it was only just at the turn of the next street; but when I gained it, I came upon a party of disorderly young men. One of them cries, 'Here I am, daughter!' and burst out laughing. But I said, 'Oh, you are not he,' and broke away from him.

" 'Stay, I know all about him,' cries another; 'was he tall or short?' Oh, wicked, wicked men, thought I, 'tis such as you that break fathers' hearts!

"How I got back to the bridge, I know not. I was put to bed in a raging fever. In my delirium I seemed to see my father talking earnestly with another man whose face I knew not, and who appeared to hear him with impatience, and want to leave him, but my father laid his hand upon his arm. Then the other, methought, plucked a heavy bag from under his cloak, and cast it towards my father, crying, 'Plague take it and you too!' Then methought my father took it up and walked off with it into the street, but as he went, he changed colour, stopped short, staggered, and fell. Presently I seemed to hear a bell, and a dismal voice crying, 'Bring out your dead!' and a cart came rumbling along, and a man held a lantern to my father's face, and without more ado, took him up and cast him into the cart. Then methought, a man in the cart turned the horse about, and drove away without waiting to call anywhere else, to a dismal lone field, lying all in the blackness of darkness, where the cart turned about, and shot a heap of senseless bodies into a great, yawning pit . . . them that a few hours back had been strong, hearty men, beautiful women, smiling children."

As soon as Cherry had recovered from the fever, with a woman's undying perseverance, she recommenced her search; and thinking that the Rev. Mr. Blower, a devoted minister in Whitechapel, who had formerly lodged in their house, might be able to give her some information, she sallied forth alone into the solitary and death-stricken streets, resolved, if possible, to find her way to the east of London.

"It was now late in September. His parish was one of the worst in Whitechapel; he lived in a roomy, gloomy old parsonage-house, too large for a single man, in a street that was now deserted and grass-grown. The first thing I saw was a watchman asleep on the steps, which gave me a pang; for, having heard Master Blower was so active in his parish, I somehow had never reckoned on his being among the sick, though that was a very just reason why he should be. I had thought so good a man would lead a charmed life, forgetful that in this world there is often one event to the righteous and to the wicked, and that if the good always escaped, no harm would have befallen my father. However, this sudden shock, for such it was, brought tears into my eyes, and I began to be at my wit's end, who should tell me now where to find my father, and to lament over the illness of my good and dear friend, Master Blower. Then I bethought me,—Perhaps he is not in the house, but may have left it in charge of some woman, who is ill; if I waken the watchman, he certainly will not let me in; the key is grasped firmly in his hand, so firmly that I dare not try to take it, but yet I must and will get in.

"Then I observed that, in carelessly locking the door, the lock had overshot it, so that in fact the door, instead of being locked, would not even shut. So I stept lightly past the watchman, and into the house, and the first thing within the threshold was

a can of milk, turned quite sour, which showed how long it must have stood without anybody's being able to fetch it. I closed the door softly after me, and went into all the ground-floor rooms. They were empty and close shuttered, the notes dancing in the sunbeams that came through the round holes in the shutters. Then I went softly up-stairs, and looked timidly into one or two chambers, not knowing what ghastly sight I might chance upon; but they were tenantless. As I stood at pause in the midst of one of them, which was a sitting-room, and had one or two chairs out of their places, as if it had been never set to rights since it was last in occupation, I was startled by hearing a man in the room beyond giving a loud, prolonged yawn, as though he were saying, 'Ho, ho, ho, ho, hum!' Then all was silent again. I thought it must be Master Blower, and went forward, but paused with my hand on the lock. Then I thought I heard a murmuring voice within, and, softly opening the door and looking in, perceived a great four-post bed, with dark green curtains drawn close all around it, standing in the midst of a dark oaken floor, that had not been beeswaxed recently enough to be slippery. The shutters also were partially shut, admitting only one long stream of slanting light over against the bed; but whether any one were in the bed, I could not at first make out, for all was as still as death. Presently, however, from within the curtains came a somewhat thick voice, exclaiming, 'O Lord, my heart is ready, my heart is ready! I will sing and give praise with the best member that I have! Awake, lute and harp! I myself will awake right early!'

"Here the dear good man fell a coughing, as if something stuck in his throat; and I tip-toeing up to the bed-side, withdrew the curtains and softly said, 'Master Blower!'

"Never shall I forget my first sight of him! There he lay on his back, with everything quite clean and fresh about him, not routed and tumbled as most men's would have been, but as smooth as if just mangled: his head, without e'er a night-cap, lying straight on his pillow, his face the mirror of composure and peaceification, and his great brown eyes glowing with some steady, not feverish light, turned slowly round upon me, as if fresh from beholding some beatific sight.

"'Why, Cherry,' says he, looking much pleased, 'are you come to look on me before I die? I thought I had taken my last sight of all below'—and reaching out his hand to me from under the bedclothes, I was shocked to perceive how it was wasted: every knuckle a perfect knob.

"'Don't touch me!' cries he, plucking it away again, and burying it out of sight. 'I forgot you hadn't had the plague. What a selfish fellow I am! How's your dear father, Cherry?'

"I could not withhold myself from weeping, and was unable to answer.

"'Ah! I see how it is,' says he kindly; 'poor Cherry! poor Cherry! "the righteous perish and no man layeth it to heart;" I heard a voice say, "Write: Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." I shall see him before you will, Cherry. Go, home, child, go home; this air is fraught with danger.'"

Varieties.

STREET TRAFFIC IN THE CITY OF LONDON.—Mr. Haywood, the surveyor of the City Sewers Commission, had occasion not long since to institute some inquiries connected with street pavements and the traffic which passes over them; and from the tables of his report we will gather for the instruction and amusement of our readers a few facts. Suppose, now, that at eight o'clock in the morning of the 8th July, a curious person had taken his post in front of Child's banking-house at Temple-bar; he would have seen pass by him in the course of the first hour, or up to nine o'clock, vehicles of all kinds to the number of 311; during the next hour the influx of city people would have raised the number to 528; and in the hour from ten to eleven o'clock the number would have become 704; by twelve o'clock it would have reached 757; by one o'clock 691; at two 664. At three the tide again turned; for then the City was sending forth the swarms it had swallowed up in the early hours of the day, and the result was 791; at four it was 737; at five 738; at six 671; at seven 537; at eight 614; and, adding all these figures together, the result is a total of 7741 vehicles in twelve hours, or an average of 645 per hour, or more than ten vehicles a minute: and if we suppose that the value of each vehicle and its contents should be only 50*l.*—certainly below the truth—that would give us 500*l.* as the magnitude of the peripatetic wealth emerging every minute from beneath Temple-bar. At London-bridge, however, the results are on a much more imposing scale. We will again suppose an observant spectator to have stationed himself midway on the bridge. During the hour from eight to nine o'clock in the morning, 680 vehicles of all kinds would have passed him; during the succeeding hour the number would be almost doubled, say 1128; from ten to eleven o'clock there would be a further increase to 1332, which appears to have been the maximum number of the twelve hours observed, with the exception of the hour from four to five o'clock, when the result given is 1344. We observe in these maximum figures the same law as at Temple-bar—namely, the immense increase of the traffic at the commencement and at the termination of city business. The total of the twelve hours' traffic on London-bridge was 13,099 vehicles, or an average of 1091 per hour, or 18 per minute.

MUD AND DUST OF LONDON.—The 300,000 houses of London are interspersed by a street surface averaging about forty-four square yards per house, and therefore measuring collectively about thirteen and a quarter million square yards, of which a large proportion is paved with granite. Upwards of 200,000 pairs of wheels, aided by a considerably larger number of ironshod horses' feet, are constantly grinding this granite to powder, which powder is mixed with from two to ten cart loads of horse-droppings per mile of street per diem, besides an unknown quantity of the sooty deposits discharged from half a million of smoking chimneys. In wet weather these several materials are beaten up into the thin, black, gruel-like compound, known as London mud; of which the watery and gaseous parts are evaporated, during sunshine, into the air we breathe; while the solid particles dry into a subtle dust, whirled up in clouds by the wind and the horses' feet. These dust clouds are deposited on our rooms and furniture; on our skins, our lips, and on the air-tubes of our lungs. The close stable-like smell and flavour of the London air, the rapid soiling of our hands, our linen, and the hangings of our rooms, bear ample witness to the reality of this evil—of which every London citizen may find a further and more significant indication in the dark hue of the particles deposited by the dust-laden air in its passage through the nasal respiratory channels. To state this matter plainly, and without mincing words—there is not at this moment a man in London, however scrupulously cleanly, nor a woman, however sensitively delicate, whose skin, and clothes, and nostrils, are not of necessity more or less loaded with a compound of powdered granite, soot, and still more noxious substances. The particles which to-day fly in clouds before the scavenger's broom, fly in clouds before the parlour-maid's brush, and next day darken the water in our toilet-basins, or are wrung by the laundress from our calico and cambric.—*London Quarterly Review.*